The Liberalist

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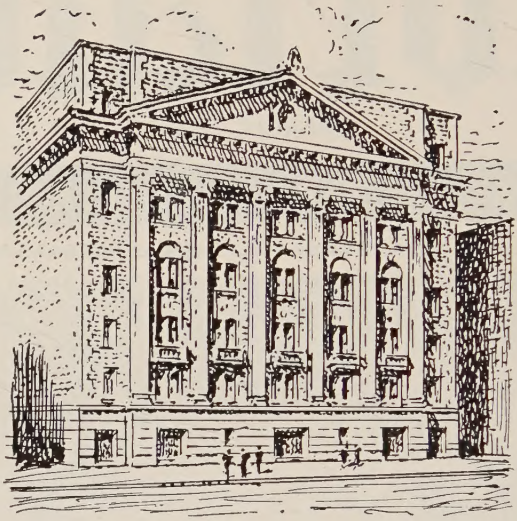
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"I Meant to do My Work Today"

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

Richard Le Gallienne



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

LOOKING back over the past busy years I don't remember ever having a more active time than I have had this past month. On February 1st my new book, *Happiness Through Creative Living*, published by Doubleday-Hanover House, New York, came out in the Chicago area. One week later it was published for the rest of the country. Since then I have had to "sandwich-in" book store autographing parties, receptions and conferences, all having to do with the book. The publication date was originally set for March 1st, but because the Chicago Tribune wanted to serialize the book beginning February 1st, it was necessary to advance the publication date one month. This is my eighth book and the first to be serialized.

Authors have many compensations for their efforts, but the most thrilling experience I have with a book I have written is when I hold the published book in my hands for the first time. I shall never forget the thrill I had when my first book, *Courage for Today*, arrived from the publisher. My hands trembled with excitement as I opened the package and there it was! The feeling is akin to what a new father must feel when he holds his new-born child in his arms for the first time. I have experienced this same feeling with each of my books. They are my children. With me there is one great difference however. I don't know why,—I have never stopped to analyze it deeply—but I never read a book of mine after it is in print, just as I never read a sermon or an address or a lecture after it is once in type. I suppose the real reason is, I fear I may find something I wish wasn't there, and I know it is too late to do anything about it. I can give a concrete example of that with my last book. Some have called my attention to the fact that in a reference to Lincoln I used the phrase "He married a wife who was a burden to him." After reading Irving Stone's authentic portrait of Mary Todd Lincoln in his recent novel, *Eternal Love*, I know I would not have spoken of her with that phrase. When other editions come out, I am going to delete it or change it to what would probably be nearer the truth. I am convinced that Mary Todd Lincoln has been a much misunderstood woman, and I am gratified that those who make a specialty of research into the life of Lincoln are beginning to present Mary Todd in a better light. This is what I mean when I say, I never read anything of mine which has already been solidified in cold type. In spite of all the care of proofreading and trying to be certain of one's facts, mistakes are apt to occur. I seldom read a book of another author in which I do not find some error which might have been avoided but wasn't.

* * *

On my book's publication date, February 1st, the night before I had lectured in Galesburg, and on arrival home went immediately to the Pump Room of the Ambassador East Hotel for luncheon with Eleanor Langdon, my literary agent, June and Edward G. Stoddard, from Hanover House. After the luncheon I was interviewed by Bob Elson on his WCFL radio program, which originates in the Pump Room. That evening I participated in a symposium under the auspices of the Men's Club of Temple Sholum, in which my colleagues on the program

were Dr. Kenneth Hildebrand, Minister of Central Church, and Augustin Bowe, Chairman of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations. I was delighted that the Men's Club of our own church had such a large delegation present as guests of the Men's Club of Temple Sholum.

Later that evening at 10:45, I appeared with Irving Kupcinet, columnist of the Chicago Sun-Times, on his program over WBBM-TV. When the activities of the day were over I felt that my new book had had a most auspicious beginning.

The next evening our own church gave me a reception after our regular Wednesday Evening Book Lecture. I have spent 22 years speaking every Wednesday evening during the season on some author's book. I thought it would not be presumptuous of me if I spent one evening talking about my own book, so I used Happiness Through Creative Living as the book for my regular book lecture. There was a great audience present and after the lecture a reception was held in Anderson Hall, where for more than two hours I autographed books for our regular lecture audience, together with friends and members of the church. It was the most interesting and encouraging evening in many ways I have ever had. We had the largest audience we have had at any book lecture in years.

Starting off the next day I appeared again on WBBM-TV with the much-loved Lee Phillips on her popular program which is listened to by thousands in this area.

On Friday I was a guest of the Association of Commerce and Industry at the luncheon given to President Paul E. Magloire, the distinguished President of Haiti. In the afternoon I autographed about 500 books for Kroch's & Brentano's great book store, going directly from there to the press reception given me by my publishers, Hanover House, in the lovely "House on the Roof" of the Sherman Hotel. My most co-operative publishers spared nothing in making it one of the most successful events of its kind ever given by a publisher to a Chicago author. They arranged all of the details. For several days Mr. Edward G. Stoddard, advertising and publicity manager for Hanover House, had been in Chicago. All of the literary editors of the Chicago papers and the columnists, together with representatives from all of the literary organizations, were invited. The reception began at 5:00 o'clock and lasted until 9:00. The names of the people attending the reception included almost every person interested in literature from all the newspapers, including the distinguished editor, Frederic Babcock, from the Chicago Tribune's Magazine of Books, and Mr. Van Allen Bradley, literary and editorial writer on the Chicago Daily News.

I was highly gratified when Mr. Earl Nightingale, who wrote the foreword for the book, found it possible to be present also. Mr. Nightingale has one of the largest audiences in Chicago radio. He is a warm personal friend and in his program is always constructive, illuminating and inspiring. When he was invited to write the foreword he accepted gladly and I think his foreword is one of the most important things in the book itself.

The Mayor of Chicago, Martin J. Kennelly, whom I have known personally for nearly 40 years, also attended and spoke graciously of my work and the book.

I had never been given a reception of this kind before, and I found the meeting of so many in the comradery of an informal occasion a stimulating experience.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sargent, the gen-

eral manager of Hanover House, whose wife is a daughter of Nelson Doubleday, Mr. and Mrs. John Gregg, the sales manager, and Mr. Edward G. Stoddard, the advertising and publicity manager, all came from New York for the occasion. They were most hospitable and gracious and I realized more than ever how fortunate I was in having as my publishers a great publishing firm like Hanover House, which has the kind of leadership and vision possessed by these distinguished representatives who come so far to honor me and the book. The photographers from the Chicago newspapers also came and a very popular feature of the Chicago Tribune, "They Were There," took a series which was later used in the Tribune.

I shall always look back to this event as one of the happiest of my life. I hope it is prophetic of an ever increasing interest of the reading public in the book in whose honor it was given.

At 9:00 o'clock June and I were the guests of Dr. Ulysses Grant Dailey, Consul for the Republic of Haiti, and one of this country's most distinguished surgeons, at the reception given to the President of Haiti. Dr. Dailey presented us to the President and I had an opportunity to speak with him concerning problems in which we were both interested. He doesn't speak English, his native language being French. At this reception were many of the educational, business, civic and religious leaders of Chicago. I was impressed with the value of people of different nations and races meeting together on the level of their common humanity, and how much many more of such meetings would do to help solve the problems which arise from misunderstanding. I have always maintained and I maintain it more strongly now than I have ever done, that the basis for peace and world comity is for the peoples to know each other as people and not merely from impressions of each other gained from a small group of diplomats or officials or merely from the propaganda presented by various means of communication.

From the reception to the President of Haiti, June and I were invited by one of the finest and most gracious hosts and hostesses I have ever known, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kramer, to a quiet dinner with only six guests, in the lovely Lauritz Melchior room of the famous Kungsholm Restaurant. Coming at the end of a strenuous day, the quietness of the room and the friendliness of our dinner companions brought the day to a restful conclusion.

Another event in connection with my book which will always remain in my memory was the reception given to me in their auditorium by The Fair Store, where more than a thousand people gathered to hear me talk about the book and where I autographed books at the conclusion of the afternoon until my right hand gave evidence of the number of times I had written my name. The Fair Store book department purchased 2500 copies of my book. This is the largest book order ever given by any Chicago book store for one book on its first printing. I was astounded when told about this, and what surprised me still more was that my book was fourth on the best seller list the first week after publication and the third week it was third on the best seller list. I would be less than human not to be thrilled by the acceptance the book is receiving.

The book is written without any phraseology of an academic character. I have tried to keep it a simple, unadorned presentation of my philosophy of life. I made no attempt at literary embellishment whatever. It was not written with the idea of making any

contribution whatever to the solution of the psychiatric or psychological problems. It was written for the person who is in the midst of the problems, trials and difficulties of life.

Rabbi Felix A. Levy, my distinguished colleague and neighbor for forty years, wrote a most acceptable review in the Chicago Sun-Times, and the well-known reviewer and critic, Clarence Seidenspinner, wrote a most understanding review of the book for the book section of the Chicago Tribune. It is too early for me to see the verdict of the critics on the other newspapers throughout the country, but I hope they will be kind and understanding.

The Chicago Tribune, in announcing the serialization of the book, published a very interesting article, together with pictures of myself and the church. That a great metropolitan newspaper should serialize a book such as I have written is evidence to me that more and more the press is becoming interested in the spiritual and personal problems of people. I have had many interesting reactions from the articles. They are to occur for 45 days and are now about half way through. Many people have written me they are cutting out the articles and preserving them. Others are sending them to friends in various parts of the world. I feel very humble about all this and it only deepens my sense of responsibility. Napoleon said once that history is a race between the sword and the pen, and in the end the pen always wins.

* * *

On a recent engagement in Detroit, Michigan, I was delightfully surprised after my lecture to find that my sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, my two nieces and Mr. Carl Lind had driven in to Detroit to hear me and to take me home to my birthplace to spend the night. We arrived in Linden in the late afternoon and the first place I wanted to go was to visit our cemetery lot where rests "Mother" and Jimmy. The snow was so deep we could not drive into the cemetery, so I walked in snow knee-deep to their graves. The little cedar trees which Jimmy had planted two weeks before he was brought and placed there were peaking out of the snow, as was the balsam tree which Jimmy had planted on the Island and which I removed and brought to his own grave, the autumn after his death. It was his tree and he loved it and it is appropriate that it should be on his grave. Its branches were covered with snow and they seemed to say "I am still here near those you love." The long shadows were falling across their graves. As I stood there in the snow and the silence and alone, I thought of all the happy times in the yesterdays of life we have all shared together.

* * *

For many years I have always attended the annual banquet of the Old Timers Baseball Association. It is one of the largest events held in our city. More than 2500 people gather at this dinner of corn beef and cabbage. During his lifetime the grand old man of Chicago baseball, revered and affectionately known as Billy Niesen, was the head of the Old Timers Baseball Association. Billy passed on a couple of years ago, and even though I have attended one dinner since his death, something was missing. This year I planned to attend, and on the Sunday morning of the week the dinner was to be held, Mrs. Harrison said to me before church, "Thursday evening Pleiades Lodge, A.F. & A.M., at the West Side Masonic Temple is going to honor Tom by making him a life member of Masonry, commemorating 50

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PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan

Sunday Morning Sermons in March, 11:00 a.m.

March 6—"THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS"

43rd Anniversary of Dr. Bradley's Pastorate

March 13—11:00 a.m.—Prof. A. Victor Murray, President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge, England
7:00 p.m.—"43 YEARS OF IT!"—Dr. Bradley

March 20—"HOW TO STAY ALIVE AS LONG AS YOU LIVE"
by Waldemar Argow

March 27—"IF I HAD ONLY ONE MONTH TO LIVE——"
by Waldemar Argow

Palm Sunday

April 3—"THE MEANING OF TRUE TRIUMPH"—Dr. Bradley

Book Lectures in March, 8:00 p.m.

March 2—"AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY"—William O. Douglas
by Dr. Bradley

March 9—"THE DOLLMAKER"—Harriette Arnow
by Dr. Bradley

March 16—"SONG OF THE SKY"—Guy Murchie
by Waldemar Argow

March 23—"THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY"—Walter Lippmann
by Waldemar Argow

March 30—"ANIMALS, MEN AND MYTHS"—Richard Lewinsohn
by Waldemar Argow

April 6—"THE PRAYERS OF PETER MARSHALL"—Catherine Marshall
by Dr. Bradley

(Closing book lecture of the season)

"Happiness Through Creative Living"

by Preston Bradley

Hanover House Garden City, N.Y.

"When you embark on the great experience that is Creative Living . . . You need an immense faith in God and you need a deep faith in yourself."

(Available at all book stores and in the church office.)

"HAVE YOU MET YOU?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, January 23, 1955

HOW many times have you been standing with a group of friends somewhere and someone has entered the circle and turned to you with the question: "Have you met Mr. Jones? Have you met Mr. Smith?" I think that has happened to all of us. Well it happened to me the other day, and it immediately suggested this sermon, and I thought of the title of it: "HAVE YOU MET YOU?" On how good terms are you with yourself? How much do you acknowledge that you know about yourself? How much are you willing to admit to yourself that you know about yourself? How objectively can you look at yourself? It's comparatively easy to formulate a judgment about the wholly and truly objective. All of us can have opinions, and we *do* have opinions, and we base those opinions upon our objective experiences. But how about the real inner self, which is *you!* Have *you* met *you*?

I shall not forget a cartoon which I saw once, some years ago, and cartoons have a very dramatic and dynamic way of conveying, with great positiveness and with definiteness and with minute detail, an experience. This cartoon was of a man who was in a doctor's office and the doctor was portrayed in the usual and traditional costume of a physician—he had on a long white coat and around his neck was a stethoscope and he had a very professional personality—and the cartoonist, with a few strokes, and that's the art of cartooning, was able to create the atmosphere of a doctor's office. And this doctor had apparently examined the man in front of him, and then he stood back and was looking at the man. And this is what the cartoonist captioned the cartoon: "You have a very serious case—you are allergic to yourself!"

Now in the development of the human personality, superficially we sometimes think that the whole answer is to be found in two things—heredity and environment. And I'm not going to enter into any controversial discussion of which is more important or more vital, heredity or environment. But in explaining conduct on the part of a person, people are very apt to bring into the discussion that person's heredity and that person's environment, and to think of these two factors as the important matters which shape their character, make them what they are, and that were the inspiration for their becoming what they had become!

Now it is true that each one of us is the repository of millions and millions of unknown ancestors. Each person in this congregation today is but the accumulation of the centuries as far as heredity is concerned. We are the recipients of origins and attitudes and predispositions and physical characteristics and all these other factors that we had nothing whatever to do with! *None* of us picked out the place where we were born, and *none* of us *picked* out our father or our mother! Each individual has to begin life with what destiny or fate, or whatever you choose to call it, has handed to him. We did

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HOLY WEEK

in the

PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan
April 4 to April 8
Noon Meetings in the Erlanger Theatre

ERLANGER THEATRE

127 North Clark Street (Loop)

Theme: "The Available Power of the Christ Spirit"
Monday—"The Source of the Christ Spirit"
Tuesday—"The Strength of the Christ Spirit"
Wednesday—"Barriers to the Christ Spirit"
Thursday—"Companions of the Christ Spirit"
Friday—"What Good Friday Tried to do to the Christ Spirit"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan
Tue.-Weds.-Thurs.-Fri. Eves., 8 p.m.

Tuesday—Charming Play by Christopher Fry, "Boy With a Cart"
A young boy's faith carried him to victory
Produced by Equity Library Theatre
Wednesday—"The Prayers of Peter Marshall"—Marshall
Thursday—"The Meaning of the Last Supper"
Friday—"Were You at the Crucifixion?"

EASTER SUNDAY

Three Great Services

9:00 a.m.—"Where Have They Laid Him?"
Children Dedicated
New Members Received
11:00 a.m.—"Truth's Eternal Triumph"
7:00 p.m.—"My Belief in Immortality Grows Stronger"
(Closing Sunday Evening Service)

Wednesday, April 6, 8:00 p.m.
The Prayers of Peter Marshall"—Catherine Marshall
(Closing Book Lecture for Season)

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS
WJJD—Every Sunday Morning 11:00 to 12:00

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

WHEN the Reformation and the Renaissance came in that illuminating hour of the mind of man in which the scales of ignorance and superstition, blackness and fear, dropped from his face, man stood up again, and the heritage with which he had to begin the pilgrimage of the mind came from a monastery cell where someone, in those Dark Ages, took the time to preserve the great thinking of the age that preceded it. It was the unconquered mind of man that preserved the spiritual and cultural values. It has always been so.

It was so in an age of darkness that attempted to impregnate itself in the souls of men through the dictators of our contemporary world, when those people came who would control that mind and would dictate the thinking of that mind; when the Mussolini's came with their philosophy of uniformity and finality and of tyranny; when the Hitler's came in their effort to close the human mind and to regiment mankind into the tragedy of hate; when the economists came, such as Karl Marx in Russia, and attempted to unify man into simply two great elements—an economic, deterministic animal, through the deification of dialectical materialism—which are the two deadly, unworkable, impracticable philosophies of Communism,—a part of the tyranny of the mind, holding that man is an economic animal and nothing more,—give him shelter, jobs, food and the opportunity of appropriation, and man will surrender his liberty to anybody who comes along!

Ah, the lie! When the same philosophy of tyranny strikes even at the citadel of our own government; when there are those who attempt to tell us what we can think and what we can read and what we can discover and what we can know—tyranny is loose in the world! But we give it warning from every page of human history, that the tyrants dig their own graves, and, sooner or later, every man who attempts to stifle the freedom of the human spirit and the human mind, himself is defeated and banished! For the human mind is the God mind, and God knows no defeat! May the mind, the courageous, heroic mind with which God has endowed us, ever remain true to its foundations and purposes! And, above all, may that same mind be in us which was in Christ—the free mind, the mind that went into every area of life and found an answer and a reason!

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not select the glandular condition of our own physical structure—not one of us chose our glands! And these glands, as the embodiment of the physiological processes that go to make up the physical qualities and characteristics of an individual, are all out of our hands. They were presented to us out of a past that we do not know or comprehend. We come into this life without being consulted—and we shall leave it without being consulted! Our entrance and our exit are *both* out of our hands! And we have those two factors called heredity and environment to which a great many people attribute the basic influences in the shaping of the human personality and in the achievement of life!

I should like to repudiate the idea of accepting either, or both, of these two factors as being as powerful as many people admit them to be! We know that the better inheritance a person has, the better environment they will create. We know that the more of competency and the more tendency toward fineness and goodness and beauty which is given to a person from these unknowns of the past, we know that that person will have an ever increasing tendency to create an environment more favorable to that kind of a background. But that is not the *whole* answer to this mystery of the individual personality or the human soul—not at all! In the physical world you have only "reaction". The physicist will tell you that for every action in the world of materialism there is a reaction. Now that is wholly independent of the injection of anything that even smatters of personality! That pertains in the great physical structure of the universe of which we are a part! And the principle of physics implies that the "reaction" is *always* equivalent to the "action"—and there can be no action without reaction! Now, if you want to apply that law to the principles of heredity and environment you have one attitude. To me, that is not sufficient! For man is not a machine and man is not a physical and materialistic structure, so that the inner soul of man is wholly dependent upon any physical, materialistic law!

I happen to accept the basis that the spiritual processes in the development of personality are the essentials and that they can transcend any heredity or any environment! If I believed that the individual was wholly a victim of heredity—something for which he had no responsibility—or of environment—which he only had a limited capacity for creating, because he had a limited inheritance—if I believed that each one of us was the victim of the law of reaction—I would find no place in my philosophy or in my theology for any idea of God! I would be perfectly free, from an intellectual point of view, to discard any notion of God at all! If we are merely vacillating and oscillating and fluctuating under a basic, physical, naturalistic law of reaction, then you cannot read God into the cosmos! I happen to believe that that is untenable; I happen to believe that it cannot be demonstrated, and I happen to believe that it is contrary to the conception of the full dignity and the importance of the human personality!

Man does something else! Man has a spiritual identity, and is the only manifestation of life in the universe that has as his motive self-improvement! There is animal life in the universe such as the dog, the cow, the hog,

the horse — whoever heard of these manifestations of life deliberately setting out, through the reason process, to better their own life? Nobody! They merely react! They react to the stimulus of food, to love, to care—but these are *only* reactions!

Now man is a form in the manifestation of life, but man does not react! He responds. He is the only form of life in the cosmos that ever, consciously, tries to live life and develop life and experience life in terms of individual betterment! And the wise person is the person who is *always* attempting to be better than he was, wiser than he was, finer than he was—that is wisdom! And any person who *doesn't* want to better themselves is an *unwise* person! Any individual who doesn't want to make life more significant and more beautiful is an unwise person! But the person does not react, the individual does not react, under the law of the naturalistic phenomena of the cosmos! The person *responds*! And there is a vast difference between "reacting" and "responding"! Therefore, the primary concern of the familiarity which one has with one's self and the understanding of one's self is to ever increase his capacity to *respond* to all of the beautiful and good influences of life! That is where he differs from the other forms of life that we see manifested in the cosmos about us!

Man does not react—let me repeat —man responds! And you can take the history of the lives of men and women down through the ages who have accomplished much, who have lived efficacious lives, who have made contributions to society and to the community, and what do you discover as the paramount characteristic of such an individual? Responses to life! They are *responding* to what heredity did to them! They are *responding* to the opportunity of creating new environments for themselves! They are *responding* to the principle of the dignity of the human personality and the nobility of the human soul! Man has this awareness, this consciousness, and because of this awareness and this consciousness he tries to make something out of life and he tries to take every experience of his life and use it as a *ladder* into some higher development of life! He doesn't permit himself to be tyrannized by his sin, nor does he labor under the tragic and derogatory imperative of a sense of guilt! A person who is always assuming guilt and always trying to explain himself in life and what he has become under the "accidental theory" of fate or destiny is a person who isn't on good terms with himself! Those people don't know themselves! A person who folds his hands and says: "Well, look what they handed me! I didn't get a break! It's all luck; it's all chance!"—and this absurd theory that every man's destiny is somewhere written down in some sort of "mathematical precision" is one of the most untenable and unwarranted theories that any person could possibly embrace, and you don't know yourself well if you think you are the "victim" of such "cosmic precision"! If I believed that we did have no control over our destiny and that we were all *victims* of some blind law of chance or fate, I shouldn't want to live another hour! I do not believe any such nonsense!

I believe that the deep, spiritual sensitivity of man is the surest evidence of his own creativeness and that man has dreams and ideals and hopes and aspirations, and that these are not limited or conditioned by the size of his head or the shape of his nose or his ears or the color of his skin; that he does not have to react to these physical, naturalistic processes that are all about him in the mechanical view of life! Man is a living soul! He's differ-

ent from every animal that ever lived; he's different from every manifestation of nature. Man is a living soul and for man to squander life in the non-essentials, in the temporary, the transient, squandering it in mere pleasure and the wasting of time is unthinkable! What an unutterable tragedy for you if you are wasting and squandering life, for you are wasting and squandering the most precious thing in life—your soul! It is not "reaction" that you must give as your alibi, it is your "response" that is stopping you! It is not what heredity and environment do to us, but it is what we do to the thing that heredity and environment do to us! *That* is the meaning of life! And that gives some semblance and dignity to life!

The most beautiful affirmation of this truth is found in one of the greatest expressions and stories of the ancient book, in that great story of the prodigal son. *When* did things *change* for him? At the *same* spot they will begin to change for you and for me! For the story tells us: "And he came to himself!" When the prodigal son "came to himself" and learned who he was *inside* he became acquainted with himself and he "came to himself"!—Now infinite source of light and of life and of truth, as we have attempted to touch every individual in association with this service and every person in this congregation with a finer, strengthening conception of life, may *all of us* "come to ourselves" and return to our Father's heart!

BOOK CHATS

WILLIAM S. STONE has written three books for adults and three for children; that is, he had, until his latest book, *Castles in the Sand*. Now he has written seven books, some novels, some non-fiction, and I believe the seventh book might be listed as "for adults and/or children." We are told that Mr. Stone has lived in the South Seas for almost twenty years. If there is anything he prefers to the life of Tahiti where he has his home, it is voyaging the Pacific —especially when the voyaging is under sail on the schooner VEGA which plies between Honolulu and Papeete. His novels and non-fiction about the South Seas have long been popular, and the flavor of Polynesia is a pervading quality of his new novel, (the one we are discussing), though it is set in the USA.

William Morrow & Company, the publishers, have put a turquoise jacket on this novel, with a design by Nonny Hogrogian. The combination of the title and the design on the cover, showing an odd-looking castle in the distance, at the edge of the sea, from a huge doorway of which an old ship protruded, while in the foreground was the outline of the head of a young boy and a girl who appeared a bit older, the girl with a tropical flower in the strands of her long hair, something about the book as I held it in my hand, whispered "Fairy Tale!"

When I think about my first remembered interest in books, I think of fairy stories. I was entranced by them. I remember a remark by an older member of the family who always became worried and impatient with me when I started in on a new book.

Her favorite expression was: "I dread to see you get your nose inside a book. I know you'll be 'dead to the world' until you've finished it." I always longed to get my nose "inside a book." The first hero of my young life must have sensed this attitude, for he tried to convince me one should "live" life and not read about it. I personally think a sensible combination of both is a good idea.

To return to *Castles in the Sand,* the lovable boy Jeremy Bentley seems to have been of a like frame of mind, and it was because of his having read Melville's novel, *Typee,* and because he fell in love with its dusky heroine that, when he arrived in San Francisco, certain adventures befell him, which otherwise he might never have had. *Castles in the Sand* is not listed as a book for children nor would it be so classed, but I do think any child from the age of 11 on up to a child of the ripe age of 80 or 90 might thoroughly enjoy it, each in his or her own way. The adults are bound to have some nostalgic emotions float up from the horizon of their youth. The adults will certainly find it more satisfying than the youngsters will.

Just how the author manages to so adequately and beautifully transfer his imagination from his adult mind back into the boyhood mind is difficult for one who is not a writer to understand. That he does it well is proved by the feeling I had that he must have remembered vividly an experience of his own; that he must have loved fairy tales when he was a boy, and that he certainly has always loved the sea and ships, in addition to loving the South Seas. I practically never read in bed, but having started this story on the way home from work, I continued to read until I finished its 192 pages at 1:00 a.m. To tell you one bit about the story would spoil it for you, but if you want a temporary relief from heavy reading, *Castles in the Sand* will give you delightful and enchanting relaxation. It is vigorously and vividly told. I might just tell you this much: that Jeremy, a boy of eleven or thereabouts, who had been brought up by two elderly New England aunts, was sent to visit his unconventional artist cousin, in San Francisco. His visit changed the lives of at least three people, one of whom was his Cousin Martha.

* * *

Should anyone reading these lines be planning a trip abroad this summer, you might like to know of the book *Aboard and Abroad,* Olson's Complete Travel Guide to Europe, by Harvey S. Olson. Published privately in the past for Olson clients, this book now makes its public debut long after having proved its inestimable value to discriminating European travelers. Harvey Olson, twenty-five years ago, became so deeply in love with Europe that he abandoned the engineering career for which he had arduously studied and became a professional traveler.

When a professional traveler has crossed the Atlantic Ocean 66 times—54 by ship and 12 by air—and has spent a combined total of 10 years in Europe—has guided more than 30,000 Americans through Europe—his book is a composite picture of the questions and answers of his huge tourist group. He now employes 31 European tour conductors and during 1953 had 78 different tours travelling through Europe.

The author is a native of Chicago, his parents moved to Highland Park when he was six months old, and he still lives there. He has two companies, Campus Tours, Inc., and the Olson Travel Organization, both of which specialize in European travel.

Aboard and Abroad contains all the answers to the WHY, WHEN, WHERE and HOW MUCH of European travel, plus a new 16-page atlas in color. Its sixteen chapters are replete with useful and fascinating information—everything you need to know; eight fascinating chapters on the historical, scenic, cultural, artistic, and architectural attractions of the British Isles and the countries of Europe outside the Iron Curtain; planning your trip; preparing for your trip; suggested itineraries; your ocean crossing; dining in Europe; hotels, with a recommended list; miscellaneous notes; European shopping guide. There is an appendix and an index of 28 pages, which gives you some idea of the mass of information contained in the book. Weather conditions are outlined by an ingenious device that looks like a calendar. It seems to me that anyone, whether a real traveler or an armchair traveler, would enjoy pouring over this book published by Harved, 1 N. LaSalle St., Chicago.

* * *

I think you would be interested in walking into your favorite book store or book department and asking to see *Cradle of Our Faith* by John C. Trever. It is a book conceived by the United States Junior Association of Commerce and Industry and printed by Newsfoto Publishing Company of San Angelo, Texas. Dr. Trever, the author, is A. J. Humphreys, Professor of Religion at Morris Harvey College in Charleston, West Virginia. He was born in Milwaukee in 1915, moved with his family to California at an early age, and received his B.A. degree from the University of Southern California, and his B.D. and Ph.D. degrees from Yale University. As a fellow of the American Schools of Oriental Research, he spent eight months during 1947-1948 in the Holy Land. He has brought an array of talent to the problems presented by this book. He is a devout man with a background of learning. He is an expert photographer, with a sharp sense of color and composition. He is a forceful writer, one eye fixed on biblical accuracy and the other on dramatic presentation. Dr. Trever is a frequent contributor to religious journals and publications. He is well-known internationally for the part he played in the discovery of the famous "Dead Sea Scrolls," on whose publication he is still engaged. In this book on the Holy Land *Cradle of Our Faith,* Dr. Trever's talents have culminated to produce a vivid portrait of a country deeply suffused with faith and the presence of God.

The author of *Cradle of Our Faith,* working toward world unity through faith in God, has captured in brilliant, natural color the country that is synoymous with faith in every corner of the globe. This is a vivid, pictorial journey through the Holy Land. There are 72 color plates in the book, some full-page, some half-page and a few three-on-a-page. The scenes in color are on the left-hand pages of this book, and on the right-hand pages there is a brief one-page description of the history of the pictured scene.

The format of the little book of 85 pages is lovely indeed. That is why I suggest you ask to see it. In his preface, Dr. Trever tells us there is a bond of unity in the Holy Land, although the people who recognize it as the Holy Land of their faith are widely different in their customs of worship and theological points of view. "There is a further point of unity," he says, "within these which is intensely relevant for our times—their common teaching of the brotherhood of man. With the hope that through a better understanding of these points of unity within and between these faiths, a closer fellowship

might be obtained, the Junior Chamber of Commerce has launched this book for all. May the simple telling of the facts underlying this common heritage in the Holy Land, together with natural color photographs from the country, awaken within all who study this book a response of faith in God and an awareness of those abiding ties which draw mankind closer together."

There are four pages devoted to What the Holy Land Means to The Jewish Faith, The Catholic Faith, The Muslim Faith and The Protestant Faith, written by representatives of these respective faiths. There are maps of the Holy Land at the front and back of the book; there are supplements and indexes which are very helpful.

Thinking many may not be familiar with the Creed of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, which appears in the book, I repeat it for you here:

WE BELIEVE

That faith in God gives
meaning and purpose to human life;
That the brotherhood of man transcends
the sovereignty of nations;
That economic justice can best be won
by free men through free enterprise;
That government should be of laws
rather than of men;
That earth's great treasure
lies in human personality;
And that service to humanity
is the best work of life.

* * *

While you are still in your favorite bookstore, ask also to see a bi-monthly magazine called "Ideals," the Inspiration issue, published in February. Or, perhaps by the time you visit your bookstore the Easter number may be out. If you love poetry and beautiful format and pictures in color, you will be glad you took a look at the bi-monthly magazine "Ideals," published by the Ideals Publishing Company, 3510 W. St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. The Abraham Lincoln cover for February is very appealing.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

HAVE you ever tossed a stone in the water, then watched the ripples as they widen and spread, forming ever larger circles, till finally the circle becomes so wide it loses itself in the great big lake? Something was said to me the other day about how a chance acquaintance may start an ever-widening circle, and the similarity of the pebble-in-the-lake incident came to me. In fact, two of my friends mentioned the same idea in almost the same way and in the same week.

A close friend who shares my apartment with me is an expert beautician. Into her shop one day came an interesting blind girl for a manicure. Elfrieda Stewart, my friend, became greatly interested in this girl who so successfully and cheerfully lived above her seeming handicap. I say "seeming,"

for it did not deter Winifred from keeping house, from teaching at the Hadley Institute for the Blind in Winnetka, or from venturing out to California and securing a position there. A short time later she married, and returned to Chicago. Eventually Elfrieda visited the Hadley Institute and we had the pleasure of having Winifred to dinner one evening and introducing her to a club to which we both belonged, where she gave a little talk about the teaching of blind students through correspondence. Mr. Hathaway, the President of the Hadley Institute, is interested in a class in Esperanto, which Elfrieda decided to join, and when she stopped in at the school one evening she was introduced to Mr. Richard Kinney, a teacher at the Hadley School. Mr. Kinney is both deaf and blind.

Now the circle widens again, for one evening when Elfrieda was watching television, Irving Kupcinet's program, who should appear before her eyes but Richard Kinney. How could Irving Kupcinet interview Richard Kinney, who is deaf and blind? He did it with the aid of a tiny machine a bit like a typewriter, on which Kup typed out his question, while Mr. Kinney held the tips of his fingers on a bar at the back, where he received the vibrations. He answered every question correctly and promptly. And with the aid of this little machine he had been taught by the school to have flexibility and modulation in his voice so that he avoids the flat monotone that sometimes is present in the voice of one who is deaf.

Kup asked Richard how he got about town in spite of being blind and deaf. "I use cabs mostly." "And how do you hail a cab?" asked Kup. "I phone for them. I place a dime in the box and then dial. After a few seconds I give my name and address. Then I feel the return box to see if my dime has come back. If it hasn't, I assume the call went through and I walk out to the curb to wait for the taxi."

Strange it is that Richard Kenney, blind and deaf, should be a poet. But following the TV appearance, Elfrieda came home from the next week's class in Esperanto with a lovely little pamphlet of poems by Richard Kinney. The next week I sent for one of the booklets, as did a friend of mine, and a new circle has started from the pebble in the water. And because my friend Elfrieda, who lives with me, manicured the hands of a lovely blind girl, I am now giving you a beautiful poem or two, by Richard Kinney, who, though blind and deaf, has a deep appreciation of beauty and the imagination and facility for expressing it, through poetry. As Donald Wing Hathaway says at the close of his foreword to the booklet:

Richard Kinney is that wise

> "hermit of the hay,
> More content than kings may be,
> Seeing more than travelers see,
> Steeped in earth's philosophy."

and here are two short poems from Mr. Kinney's booklet called "Encore:"

LYRIC RELEASE

To feel the thought within the breast
  Mount to the lips and sing,
As some shy bird within the nest
  Should serenade the Spring.

To feel the small words, silver-bright,
  Thrill up and cool the tongue;
No fountain, leaping to the light,
  More joyously has sung.

For there's a yearning in the dust,
  The rich, warm dust of man,
That will be silence if it must,
  But music if it can.

Mr. Kinney's poem, "In Each Star," is a beautiful tribute to Vachel Lindsay; then there is "To You. Walt Whitman," and "Fancy: Sans Merci" (On Opening a Volume of Keats). These are too long to copy here.

Here is a courageous thought for the final poem of this excellent booklet:

WE, TOO, LEONIDAS

The prize of struggle is not victory:
Defeat, the dying trumpet, banners bowed
Across the awful sunset of our hopes—
These, even these, pang dearer than high chant
Of resignation by pagoda walls.
The heaven born within us is our hell
Only when hell without seems heaven enough. . . .
Futility, futility! Mark how
The chant, the cant, the doubt-redundant phrase
Of sinking Peters in our Galilee
Bear witness, deep as bathos, to our shame. . . .
Stand up! Strike forth! Flaunt spears of courage high!
To dare is half the doing of the dream,
Whose dreaming lights the crannies of the world. . . .
Life lives for joy in striving: face the foe!
Victorious or vanquished, we have won.

I am sure, if you would like to get one of these little booklets, by sending a dollar to Mr. Hathaway, President of the Institute for the Blind at Winnetka, Illinois, you could receive one in the mail.

* * *

On Wednesday evening, February 2nd, the day after Dr. Bradley's book "Happiness Through Creative Living," was published in Illinois, he reviewed the book in his regular Wednesday Evening Book Lecture. There was a wonderful audience; Dr. Bradley was in a particularly warm and genial mood and told many stories of his early life and the influences surrounding him at that time. The following quotations from a letter written by Richard W. Danon of 715 Aldine Avenue refer to that evening:

" 'This is your life' last night turned out to be a pleasant and stimulating experience. Your informality and spirit of fun, I'm sure, was projected to your entire audience. It was a 'good' evening . . .

"I like the title. It has a good ring —and the entire book is very well done. The format is beautiful (symmetrical), fresh and quite inspiring. I liked the pertinent aphorisms to open each chapter . . . Hope it's widely read and gets on the best seller list for at least as long as Dr. Peale's book . . . Good luck and good wishes!"

* * *

A word from Chief Justice Charles S. Dougherty, of the Circuit Court of Cook County:

"It was nice to see you on Kup's program last evening and to listen to your inspiring message.

"It is, of course, a pleasure on any occasion to hear you and I look forward with pleasure to reading your new book."

* * *

From O. O. Morris, Executive Secretary of the Washington Park Dept. of the Y.M.C.A.:

"I have just received through the mail from the publishing company, a copy of your new book entitled 'Happiness Through Creative Living.' I made the serious mistake of reading some of it and just simply could not stop. It is a thrilling interpretation of your life.

"I am indeed grateful for this book and also grateful to be personally acquainted with the man who has lived the pages in this book.

"I wish for you many more years of creative living and much success."

* * *

Elmer Brandell of Chicago, writes: "I want to congratulate you on what I have read of your recent book "Hap-

piness Through Creative Living," and I also want to congratulate The Chicago Tribune for publishing your great book, because many persons will now read it who would not do so were it not published in this wonderful newspaper. It reminds me very much in its simplicity of 'Peace of Mind,' and one does not have to be a college graduate to understand it completely, even though I am one.'

* * *

Dr. Bradley was extremely grateful to Mrs. Victorin, whose letter he noted in the Chicago Tribune's "Voice of the People." It was headed "Dr. Bradley's Articles."

"Berwyn, Jan. 31—Opening up the morning's Tribune to the picture of Dr. Preston Bradley and reading about the serial: 'Happiness Through Creative Living,' to be published in The Tribune was like feeling a flood of warm and salving sunshine fill the room.

"This, I feel, is one of the nicest and most significant things that could have come to The Tribune. Dr. Bradley wields a profound and definite influence for good in Chicago and adjoining communities. He puts into active execution just what he preaches and he has helped many people cross the river, and, therefore, arrived safely himself. Annette Victorin."

Mrs. Victorin is a poet and writer herself, is a member of our church, and lives in Berwyn, Illinois.

* * *

And, from Judge Julius H. Miner, of the Circuit Court:

"I was delighted with the Tribune announcement and this morning's article. It has all the earmarks of deep reading. I want an autographed copy for my personal library . . . You are making a great contribution to a perplexed world. More power to you."

On a letterhead of the Sibley Lumber Company, Inc., from Ed DeGraff, of Tinley Park:

"Congratulations on your new series in the Tribune. I am sure that your words will reach, console and aid many in a search for a better way. This certainly looks like the most useful thing that could have happened to the pages of the World's Greatest Newspaper."

* * *

From Roy L. Stamp, of Chicago:

"You sure have placed yourself and your ideas of 'religion' or possibly one should say, your new philosophy of life and living, in a spot where you are entitled to congratulations and a liberal helping of commendation. You have an excellent background of experience and education and, if the pleas of a doubter mean anything, I sincerely and earnestly hope that your articles will go over big. Somewhere there is a co-ordinating spot where all knowledge and reasearch can meet understandingly and supportingly . . . I am positive there is something big behind it all and I am trying to penetrate the curtain of shade and misconception to find it. May God help you mightily."

* * *

From a former neighbor of Dr. Bradley's and a long-time member of the church in Freeport, New York, came a telegram:

"Congratulations and blessings for your latest book, 'Happiness Through Creative Living.' . . Will the Secretary please mail an autographed copy and price for twelve. Letter follows. Wish I could attend reception. I will in spirit. With Divine Love's blessing on you and yours. Winifred Widener."

* * *

In the recent extraordinary rush of mail, a letter we intended to publish

before this was somehow omitted. It came from Elbert Hubbard II, at The House of Hubbard, Maple Road, East Aurora, New York:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: A friend of mine down in Florida, Mr. Arthur Bibble, sent me a copy of The Liberalist. I have enjoyed the whole issue and the fine things you and others have written. Naturally and particularly I was interested in your sermon on 'A Message to Garcia.' How aptly you have used the lesson in this little essay to expound the broader philosophy it suggests. It was a fine job and I congratulate you.

"It indicates to me another thing, and that is, your familiarity with Hubbard and his writings and your most evident interest in his overall philosophy. Mr. Biddle tells me you frequently use some Hubbard article or thought as a basis for your Sunday morning sermons. I think that is extremely complimentary to Hubbard and very fine on your part.

"If you should happen to have four or five extra copies of this issue of The Liberalist, could you spare them and send to me? I could make very good use of them.

"With best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

Elbert Hubbard II."

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page 6*)

years of his being a member of the Masonic fraternity." She said, "It's too bad that you can't be there." I said "I am not going to let anything prevent it." "But," she said, "you are to be at the Old Timers Baseball Banquet." I said "That can wait for another year. I am going to cancel my engagement there and I am going out to the West Side Masonic Temple." Then I said to her, "Please don't tell Tom anything about it. I want it to be a complete surprise." And on Thursday evening, February 3rd, I waited until I thought they would all be at the tables for the dinner preceding the meeting. Then I went out to the West Side Masonic Temple and walked in the dining room. Never, as long as life lasts for me, will I forget the expression on Mr. Harrison's face as he saw me. "Why," he said, "I thought you were at the baseball dinner." I said, "No, I came out here to be with you tonight." Accompanying him was his brother-in-law, Mr. Herbert Hunter, the President of the Board of Trustees of our church. Then a place was soon made for me at the table, and we had a most pleasant conversation reminiscent of the more than thirty years which Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison have been members and workers in our church.

Mr. Harrison many years ago was elected to our Board of Trustees, and a year or two later was made Treasurer of our church, a position which he has filled all of these years. He handled our church finances during the erection of our building and has been an active trustee for years. Mrs. Harrison has been the church Secretary for almost as many years. Mr. Harrison is the director of our building and they have worked side by side in our church office for many, many years. My obligation to them is unbounded. It would have been impossible for me to have done the work I have done without the help which they have given. Mrs.

Harrison has handled all of the details of my engagements throughout these years. She has corresponded with hundreds of members of our church and of the radio audience. She is the most indefatigable worker I have ever known and Mr. Harrison has given such careful attention and consideration to the financial affairs of the church and to the maintenance of the physical structure of our building, that the entire membership is obligated to him for the manner in which he has met his responsibility.

I was determined that nothing should prevent me from being with him on the night on which he was honored by the fraternity to which we both belong. After the dinner we adjourned to the lodge room, where Pleiades Lodge, A.F. & A.M., went into regular session. The Worshipful Master invited Mr. Harrison, Mr. Hunter and myself to sit in the East. After the work of the lodge was finished the Master introduced Mr. Hunter and presented Mr. Harrison to the lodge, where he received the 50-year membership pin and was made a life member of Masonry. Tom responded briefly and graciously and then the Worshipful Master called upon me for an address.

I tried to pay tribute to Tom Harrison and to express as affectionately as I could my appreciation for these years of friendship and fellowship. Tom and May have visited us often on the little Island in the North country. We have spent many days together, fishing and in fellowship. We have shared many of the dreams and disappointments and heartaches of life, but the problems and the sorrows are made easier to bear when you can share them with those for whom you have such deep affection as I have for Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harrison.

I hope we will have many more years together, for every year adds another memory to the precious experience of life.

* * *

Sunday, March 13th, we are going to observe my 43rd anniversary as the pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago. Please plan to attend. In the morning at 11 o'clock, the distinguished and internationally known educator, Professor A. Victor Murray, President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge, England, will be the preacher. In the evening at 7:00 o'clock will be our city-wide Anniversary Service, in which I am going to preach on "43 YEARS OF IT!"

* * *

Before I close this month's article I want to urge every friend and member of our church to support the presence of the Rev. Waldemar Argow, Minister of the Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who is to take over the work of our church for the time I am to be away in March. Many of you will remember the acceptable manner in which he carried the work during my absence last year. I have always planned to take two weeks' rest after Easter. This year I am going to take the two weeks before Easter. June and I will leave Chicago on Wednesday, March 16th, for New Orleans, where we will take a United Fruit Company banana ship to Central America.

Mr. Argow will give the book lectures Wednesday nights, the 16th, 23rd and 30th; and also both morning and evening Sunday services, March 20th and 27th.

I shall return to the pulpit for the Palm Sunday services, April 3rd and will preach every noon at the Erlanger Theatre during Holy Week, and in the church on Wednesday, Thursday and

Friday nights of Holy Week, closing our Lenten Season on the day which I hope will be our most triumphal Easter, April 10th.

Mr. Argow has filled our pulpit more acceptably than any visitor we have ever had. You will enjoy him and will be inspired by him.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

2—Two services. Peoples Church.

5—Television Address. WBKB-TV.
Address. 32nd Anniversary, Friends of Drama, LaSalle Hotel.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

6—Opening Book Lecture, Chicago Public Library. 8th Season.
Made recording for Chicago Heart Fund.

7—Dedication Service, Memorial Chapel, 1st Universalist Church. Peoria, Ill.

8—Wedding.
Invocation, Chicago Jewelers Annual Banquet, Conrad Hilton Hotel.

9—Two services. Peoples Church.
Television Wedding Ceremony, WBBM-TV.

11—Funeral.
Address. Annual Banquet, Izaak Walton League. Annual "54."

12—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

13—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library.
Invocation, Melvin Jones 75th Birthday, Midland Hotel.
Chicago Tribune, Special photography.

14—Address. Kahn Auditorium, Northwestern University, Evanston.
Dr. Albert Schweitzer tribute.

16—Two services. Peoples Church.

17—Funeral.
Sick calls.

18—Address. Riverside High School. P.T.A., Riverside, Ill.

19—Funeral.
Sick calls.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

20—Address. State Convention of Ohio Retail Lumbermen, Auditorium, Cleveland, Ohio.

21—Funeral.

22—Two funerals.
Sick calls.

23—Two services. Peoples Church.
Television wedding. WBBM-TV.
Address. Annual Breakfast, Swedish Club.

24—Funeral.
Meeting Chicago Public Library Board.

25—Address. Temple Shaare Tikvah, Men's Club.

26—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

27—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library.
Sick Call.

28—Address. Lake Shore Club.

29—Two funerals.

30—Two services. Peoples Church.
Address. City of Hope Dinner, Grand Ballroom, Sherman Hotel.

31—Address. Adult Evening School, Alpha, Illinois.

FUNERALS

17—Mrs. Louise Foglestad.

19—Jacob Christensen.

21—Mrs. Huldah Harland.

22—Arthur Callman.

August John Broman.

24—Frieda Breuninger.

29—Edward Burns.
Orville C. Brown.

WEDDINGS

8—Margaret Maria Kutz and Vito Colano.

9—Elsie D. Reed and Claude D. Mills.

23—Mrs. Anna Sereda and Edward Holocec.

CHRISTENINGS

9—Deedria Evelyn Hochbaum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hochbaum.

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Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, March 7, Education Dept., Mrs. H. B. Spencer, Chairman, Mrs. Mark W. Bradway, Co-Chairman. Presenting Mr. Paul Dallwig, "Gems, Jewels and 'Junk.'" Hostesses, Mrs. A. H. Barnett and Mrs. M. C. Sterling. Guest fee 35c ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, March 21, Travel and Motion Pictures Dept., Mrs. C. L. Frederick, Chairman. Pictures from the Frederick's African Trip. Guest fee 35c ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday evening, March 22, Presenting Mr. and Mrs. Burton T. Attwood, in an illustrated lecture on "Wild Life in Alaska." Mr. Attwood is President of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League of America. Pictures in color. Refreshments. Guest fee 50c ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday evening, March 8, presenting color-sound movies "Fly to Romance," and a talk by Mary Gordon of TWA, on "Tips for Better Traveling." Refreshments. Open meeting. Guest fee, 35c. 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, New Members Welcomed ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

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